NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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THE STORMY PETREL.

The little web-footed bird shown in the picture is said to have obtained one of its many names after the Apostle Peter, from his well-known attempt to walk on the water, which his namesake does with far more confidence than he. Petrels, also known as stormy petrels, storm birds and Mother Carey's chickens, are more than half nocturnal in their habits, and greatly dislike the glare of full sunshine. Thus it is that when black clouds and gloomy mists settle down on the ocean, they are most conspicuous, and are seen, now descending into the very depth of the hollow between two waves, now touching their highest foaming crests and flitting about with safety, and with the greatest delight feasting off the mollusca and other animals that the stormy churning sea has brought to the surface. Nothing can exceed the gracefulness of their motions when on the water. Here they come dashing down the side of the big billows, which rise like mountains behind them. They tread the waters, ever on them, never in them—they rise and fall with the waves, go up the slopes and down the hollows, and when they see the wave about to break into a foaming mass of spray, bound into the air and clear it all.

But neither their beauty, their graceful motions nor the associations of their name can get rid of the abhorrence in which these little birds are held by sailors and sea-sick voyagers. From the frequency with which flocks of them are seen in stormy weather their presence has been construed into the sign of a storm. But this unenviable reputation makes them dreaded and therefore unmolested.

They are about five and three-quarter inches long, and thirteen and a half inches from tip to tip of wing, and their flight closely resembles that of a swallow. Many species of them are found in most parts of the temperate Atlantic and they are common about the banks of Newfoundland. They breed on rocky shores and islands in the North Atlantic, on St. Kilda, and the Shetland Islands. According to some authorities they become so fat that the inhabitants of the Faroe Islands kill the birds and string a candle wick right through them. Then, making a rude lamp out of the bill, they light it, and the wick drawing up the fat from the well supplied system, this novel lamp lasts and gives a good light for one winter's evening.

ONE OF MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

THE ADDER'S STING.

We were never more impressed with the terrible nature of the serpent which lies coiled in the cup, than in listening to the incident related by Mary A. Woodbridge.

That noble Christian physician, Dr. William Taylor, of Cincinnati, had told her a sad story of woman's degradation, and in closing, said, "But I can show you something vastly worse."

He took her to one of the hospital wards, and brought her to a little crib, where, bound hand and foot, that it might not dash itself to pieces, lay a babe of seventeen months, in the agonies of delirium tremens.

After reaching home, she dared not tell the story until in black and white the facts were before her. So she wrote to Dr. Taylor (who gives so much of his time and strength to the benevolent institutions of that city). She received from an inmate of his dwelling a reply, in substance as follows: "It is not an uncommon thing for children of one year and upward to be brought to this hospital in delirium tremens. Mothers begin to give their children intoxicating drink at a very early age, which they increase as they go out for debauch or work, and so the little ones come to the hospital in this condition. The babe of whom you ask has probably lost its sight, but not its hearing, and the passion is ruling in death, for it opens its mouth to receive the alcoholic stimulant, as the bird in the nest to receive the food from its mother."—*Selected.*

Temperance Department.

THE FATE OF A FAST YOUNG MAN.

WRITTEN IN THE STATE'S PRISON.

It's curious, isn't it, Billy,
The changes that twelve months may bring;
Last year I was at Saratoga,
As happy and rich as a king.
And feeing the waiters with "ten,"
And sipping mint juleps by twilight,
And to-day I am here in the "Pen."

"What led me to do it?" What always
Leads men to destruction and crime?
The prodigal son, whom you've read of,
Has altered somewhat in his time.
He spends his substance as freely,
As the Biblical fellow of old,
But when it is gone he fancies
The husks will turn into gold.

Champagne, a box at the opera,
High steps while fortune is flush,
The old, old story, Billy,
Of pleasures that end in tears,
The froth that foams for an hour,
The dregs that are tasted for years.

Last night I sat here and pondered,
On the ends of my evil ways,
There arose like a phantom before me,
The visions of my boyhood days.
I thought of my old home, Billy,
Of the school-house that stood on the hill,
Of the brook that flowed through the meadow.
I can e'en hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,
Of the mother who taught me to pray,
Whose love was a precious treasure,
That I heedlessly cast away.
I saw again, in my visions,
The fresh-lipped, careless boy,
To whom the future was boundless,
And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,
Of my ruined and wasted life,
And the pangs of remorse were bitter—
They pierced my heart like a knife.
It takes some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of fate,
When the yearning ambitions of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.
—*The Morning.*

THE RUMSELLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY M. J. K.

"Papa!"

"What, darling?"

"Jennie Mason is up in heaven, isn't she?"

"Why, yes, I hope so; but what makes you ask?"

"Because I saw her there."

"You have been dreaming, my child."

"Oh it couldn't be a dream; it was so real. She is so beautiful, so changed now. She always looked so cold and shivering when she used to come here. She had such poor shoes, and such a thin dress. Now she has beautiful white robes, and wings like an angel, and her face is so shining and happy. And there were ever so many children there, all singing together such beautiful songs. And while I was listening to the music, Jennie's papa came up to the beautiful gates. And over the gates it was written in great shining letters, and I could read it so plain,

'No drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of God.'

And one of the angels pointed to the words. Then Jennie's papa knew that he couldn't go in through the gates. When he turned away it was so sad, so dreadful. Oh, how sorry he looked.

The child covered her face with her hand to shut out the terrible sight, while her frame quivered with emotion. Then suddenly uncovering her face, with her sweet blue eyes full of tears, she said, "Papa, didn't you sell Mr. Mason the rum that made him a drunkard?"

"You are very sick, Mabel," the father said, and you must be very quiet and not talk any more."

"I can't help talking, papa. There were ever so many more people who came here to buy rum, that had to go away from the shining gates. I felt so sorry for them, that I promised to come and ask you not to sell them any more, and then they would not be drunkards and could go in through the gates. Now you won't, will you, papa?

"Mabel was the only and idolized child of her father. For many weeks her life had been gently fading away. Everything that medical skill could do had been done to save that life so precious to the father's heart, but without avail; and he knew that she would soon pass through the gates into the beautiful city. There was little more that he could do for the precious child for whom he would gladly do all things.

"Papa, you will promise, won't you; then when I go up to the beautiful city I can tell them your promise, and Jennie's papa and all the others will be so glad; and the angels will so gladly let them in."

It was a terrible struggle. On the one side that pleading face and beseeching voice, begging that he would not shut those precious souls out of heaven; and on the other side the greed of gain. All the father's heart was stirred. Conscience was aroused. He could not shut out from his sight those living characters,

"No drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of God,"

and be the cause of dooming so many immortal souls to everlasting despair. He saw the drunkard's child among the angels, with the hunger and cold all gone; and the tattered garments changed to robes of light. He saw, too, with a shudder the sad and solemn procession winding slowly away from the shining gate, revealing the wrong and the misery and the ruin which he had wrought. In his very soul he saw how mean and selfish it was to sacrifice the eternal happiness of his fellow men to his own ease and gain. The Holy Spirit strove with him, as He had done many times before, "convincing him of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come," and tenderly entreating him to make the great decision.

"Will you promise, papa? I can't wait much longer. They are calling for me and I must go."

Bending over his child the father fervently uttered, "With God's help, I promise, darling."

"I will tell them," she said, putting her arms about his neck and kissing him. That night the child carried the glad news up among the shining ones, and there was joy in heaven over the repentant sinner. The father kept his promise; giving up at once his dreadful business.

Who, that is now earning the curse pronounced against him that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips, will go and do likewise?
—*The Morning.*

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SHOW FOR IT?

A young man commences at the age of 20 years to drink, and from 20 to 23 he drinks but one glass of beer a day, worth 5 cents a glass; at 23 he will have spent $54.75; from 22 to 25 two glasses a day, he will have spent $73; from 25 to 30, three glasses a day, $273.75; from 30 to 35, four glasses a day, $365; from 35 to 40, five glasses a day, $556.25. By this time he will have spent in all the sum of $1,222.75.

Now, if another young man commences at 20, and instead of spending the money named for beer each year, puts it out at 7 per cent. interest, without any savings but this beer money, he would be worth, at the age of 40 years, $2,280, having saved his money, his character, his health, and perhaps his soul.

Now, if you have been paying out your money for beer—what have you to show for it? Are you any better, richer, happier for it? Are you any healthier than your total abstaining friend? Has your beer drinking given you any better position in society? Are your family any better off for it in any way? Does your drinking help you to lay up anything of any sort to offset the bank account you would have had it you had paid your beer money to the cashier? Or do you expect by means of beer drinking to lay up anything for yourself or your family in the future? If so, what is it?

When you make a bargain, there are always two values. You pay your money for a pair of shoes and you have the shoes to show for it, and you can wear them while you are earning money to buy more; but when you have paid your money for a glass of beer, and swallowed it, what have you to show for it? Ten chances to one it makes you thirsty for another glass, and another, and you get a headache or a stupid feeling that does not help you work, and perhaps some other bad things—not worth paying. for; but if you have any good thing to show for it, what is it?

Perhaps you have not yet drank enough to count up much; if so, now is your time to forestall the cost and make your bargain. Will you pay out your money for the beer and lose it, or will you lay it out so that you may have something to show for it?

"Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"—Bible.—*Woman's National Christian Temperance Union.*

TOBACCO—SOCIALLY.

BY DOCTOR DEANE.

Not only does tobacco injure those who indulge in it, bodily and mentally—but, from a social standpoint, it is an almost insupportable evil.

In the first place, it is wholly unnecessary. Food is needful; exercise, rest, sleep, clothing, books, moderate amusement, rational pastimes; and for all these things we must make due and proper provision. But for tobacco we have no need. Not an organ requires it. The stomach needs food; the brain, sleep; thirst calls for drink; the body for raiment; but, from head to foot not a member, organ or function requires tobacco.

In the second place, the use of tobacco is expensive. A good cigar costs ten cents; five or six a day is a moderate number for an habitual smoker; ten a day is a dollar a day wasted. Think of the "fun," to say nothing of the benefit, might be obtained for a dollar.

There are many books which may be bought for a dollar. Think of the excursions, and the weekly papers, and the books, and the presents to mother or sister, or young lady friends, and the nice bits of bric-a-brac, and the tickets to museums, and the trips to the sea-shore, and the gifts to the really deserving poor, and the many other proper pleasures that are wrapped up in a dollar a day.

Three hundred and sixty-five dollars a year is a good deal to expend in spittle and smoke, it seems to me.

In the third place, the use of tobacco is impolite. You will have to be very rude to use it in the company of ladies, or of others who do not smoke.

The fact that many do smoke in the presence of ladies and others who do not smoke, and are tolerated, is no excuse for you. Because a hundred are ungentlemanly is no reason why a hundred and one should be; and it is more to have the art of politeness than that of smoking, it seems to me.

In the next place, both chewing and smoking are annoying to whose who do not use tobacco. The smoke of a cigar is stifling, and pools of nasty juice anything but pleasant to look at, to say nothing of having to wade through it or sweep a dress over it.

Another remark comes in just here appropriately. The amount of lying that the cigar gives rise to is very great. It is considered "proper" before a "gentleman" lights his weed in the company of a lady, or of any one who has declined to smoke, to say, "Is smoking objectionable to you?" And it is considered "proper" also, that the person addressed shall reply, "Oh, no!" At any rate, nine times out of ten, persons do so, whether they really object or not.

A great many falsehoods are in this way forced from people who have not the courage to say "yes." "The right way is, if smoke is really unpleasant, or if you wish to discourage the habit, say plainly, but of course very politely, that you do object. No one would have the right after you had told him that, to smoke where you were.

Finally, the uncleanliness of the habit should alone—even if there were nothing else against it—cause all nice persons to abstain from it.

The idea of any man who expects any one to go with him, walk with him, take his arm, sit in the room with him, perfuming his clothes and person with an offensive odor! What would be said of a man who should carry assafœtida in his pocket?

In fact, there are a hundred arguments against tobacco, and not one in its favor.

Many say they will, or do, use it in moderation. Hardly one person in a thousand does that. It is hard to do so—so hard that a very, very small minority of tobacco users come anywhere near moderation.

The best way is not to venture. If you never smoke one cigar a day, you will never smoke twenty. Some think it manly to smoke and chew. On the contrary, it is only mannish, which is very different.

Don't think that I have exhausted the subject, for I have not. I have given only the main points of the argument against the use of tobacco. I have spoken as a physician and as an observer in society. And I want to ask the boy who smokes one question, and that is, if he smokes, why may not his mother or sister, and how would he like that?

Would any man marry a woman who was a smoker or chewer? Now, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.—*Golden Days.*

A SCORE OF BAD SIGNS.

It is a bad sign when an inn-keeper gets the first pull at a workingman's wages. It is a bad sign when a mechanic asks his employer for a draw about the middle of the week. It is a bad sign when a laborer says, "It's of no use. I can't do my work without beer." It is a bad sign when a young fellow, who earns eighteen shillings a week, says, "I can't save anything." It is a bad sign when a workman asks a butcher in a low tone, "What will you take for those few odd bits in the corner there? It is a bad sign when drink fines and footings are enforced in a workshop. It is a bad sign when a laborer refuses a job of work as soon as he learns that no beer will be allowed. It is a bad sign when a skilful workman declares that savings banks have never been any use to him. It is a bad sign when a man is seen fumbling in his pockets whenever he comes in sight of a drink-shop. It is a bad sign when a husband calls to his wife as she is starting to market, and says, "Nance, don't forget my pipe, I can't do with less than four ounces for the week." It is a bad sign when a man, earning good wages, asks a temperance neighbor to lend him a few shillings to pay his children's schooling. It is a bad sign when the father of a family spends more time at the public-house than by his own fireside. It is a bad sign when the foreman of a workshop tells his men that he does not see why beer and gin should be taxed any more than meat and flour. It is a bad sign when a man says, "It's of no use laying up for a rainy day, because somebody will be sure to see that my wife and children don't suffer." It is a bad sign when a mechanic, as he comes to work, tells his mates, "I feel nohow this morning, and fit for nothing; I must have a glass or two to start with." It is a bad sign when a lazy fellow excuses himself by saying, "It's only fools who work hard." And lastly, it is one of the worst signs of all, when a man knows the treacherous character of strong drink, and feels it biting and stinging him day by day, and yet will not give it up.—*Temperance Record (English.)*

"THE DEVIL IN SOLUTION."

The power of the demon of drink is strikingly illustrated in the following incident:

Two brothers were recently reunited in New York who had been separated for thirty-two years. One was a shoemaker and the other a sailor, and they separated in Ireland in 1848, one coming to this country and the other to sail around the world. They were devotedly and sincerely attached to each other, and great was their joy at the meeting after such a long separation. They celebrated their meeting with the foolish but prevalent practice of drinking liquor. Twenty-four hours with the drink had so transformed these loving brothers into human fiends that they quarrelled and fought until one was laid up in a hospital in a critical condition and the other in prison for a deadly assault on his brother. Any agent which will produce such results should be banished for ever to the abode of infernal spirits, and securely chained until the final day of judgment.—*Temperance Advocate.*

THE FOLLOWING appears in the advertisements of one of the largest public-house music-halls of the metropolis:—"New tea and coffee bar, erected expressly for those persons who have a desire to avoid intoxicating drinks. Charges moderate."—*League Journal.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ERRORS IN GIRLS' DRESS.

There is one point of special interest connected with the early training of girls, and that is the subject of dress. They are scarcely in their teens before we change their short dresses, with shoulder straps and buttons, to long skirts supported on the hips, and corsets, so that they are unable to take the necessary amount of exercise for their full and complete physical development. They are even told that it is unladylike to romp and play as they do in their earlier years—now they must be ladies and not girls. This is a very serious error. As long as a girl is a girl, and so long as she is a living being, she needs to be so dressed that she can exercise with ease and freedom on all occasions. This fault of early changing the girl's dress for the woman's alters the shape of every one, limits development—atrophying and cramping the abdominal and spinal muscles as well as displacing them. A woman needs more than a man a perfect play of all the muscles of the chest and back, including the diaphragm and abdominal muscles, and this is impossible in the ordinary woman's costume no matter how it may be made. It is very true that uncivilized and ignorant people for many centuries have compressed the female waist. The Greeks did not do it, and hence we look to them for physical perfection of women. Now we have in all civilized countries specimens of female perfection, perhaps, equal or nearly so, to these classical Greeks; but the number is comparatively small. Every female should possess a perfect form, and not one in 10,000, as now. Another error is the use of the vail and glove. Both protect from the rays of the sun and give to the face and hands a color very similar to that of a potato vine growing in the cellar. The blood needs the effect of the sunlight, acting directly on the skin, and the more it can be exposed to the air and sun the more perfect will the complexion be. We have at present a very imperfect standard of a beautiful complexion. A pale, white, and anemic one is supposed to be more beautiful than a ruddy one. Could any mistake be greater? If you have a feeble girl give her a good deal of out-door life. Give her a horse, a boat, bow and arrow—any kind of an instrument that can be used with safety in the open air. Many a feeble girl has been developed into a robust one by learning to row; and going out upon the lake and river for hours at a time to indulge in such pleasures as her mind may conceive. The horse is almost as good as a boat.—*Herald of Health.*

ON PUNISHMENT.

What does Solomon mean when he says, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth his son chasteneth him betimes?" Prov. 13: 24.

Why! he means that children must be taught to obey, even though severe discipline should be necessary in order to do it. Solomon recognizes the fact that the heart of a child is prone from the first to go astray, and that to be happy he must be made to submit to wise laws made for his good. He evidently believed in the use of the rod, but though he was a man, and men as a rule believe more in force than in gentler methods, it is easy to see that he believed quite as much in moral suasion, for how often he says, "Hearken, my son!" and "Hear thou, my son!"

If you can succeed in establishing in your child a habit of prompt obedience, he will escape many of the temptations of youth and much of the infelicity of life. If this can be done without corporal punishment, it is well; if not, it must be inflicted. Though the rod has its place in family government, it should never hold a prominent one. It should be the very last resource, when all other have failed; and we venture to say that if parents will do their duty it will be a very rare case when such severe discipline is necessary. We believe that the training of children must begin from the very first. When a baby is old enough to show his displeasure by throwing himself back and screaming, sometimes until he is black in the face, that is the time to give him his first lesson. A smart slap on his hand will bring him at once to his senses. He will be surprised, but he will soon recognize that there is a will to which he must defer. After he fully understands it, a word will be all that he needs. Most mothers think that they must wait till the baby is old enough before they begin to govern him. They do not, will not give him credit for the good sense he has, and they put off the time when he shall be made to mind, until they become slaves to his caprices. People show much better judgment in the training of young animals than many do in bringing up their children. Every one will tell you, if you want to teach a dog or horse or bird, that you must begin at once when they are very young. Solomon certainly understood this when he said, "He that loveth his son chasteneth him betimes." He comprehended how much the child would be saved—even in learning to submit, if he were taught before his passions were developed, instead of waiting till they grow so strong that there must be a continual battle between him and his parents for supremacy (for the parents cannot be governed by the child, without utterly destroying all peace and happiness in the family). There is nothing truer than that "whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap," and parents who fly into a rage and use the rod continually, should stop and think whether the disobedience of their children may not be traced back to their own errors and blunders; whether they themselves are not largely to blame; whether, after all, to hang a rod always in sight of their children is the best way of retaining their love and respect.

Those to whom God has entrusted children are responsible to a very great degree for their present and future happiness.

We believe in a firm, kind ruling—a government of love—and children who require constant whipping are a sad comment upon the judgment and discretion of their parents.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE FAMILY TABLE.

It is impossible to estimate properly the immense influence which is exerted upon the household by the atmosphere of the family table. If it is true that one does not come out of a room the same person who went in, the mind ever after retaining the impress of what affected it there, what great results must be achieved from the meeting three times a day in the dining-room, from the conversation indulged in, and the sentiments habitually expressed there. A neat, well-ordered table is in itself a lesson to the children. I have noticed that a sensitive child almost invariably has better manners when dressed in his best, and have seen with surprise the effect produced upon a certain small boy of my acquaintance by handsomely dressed ladies who are polite to him. To the inviting table, where there should always be something attractive, no matter how simple the meal may be, most children will come prepared to behave properly. At this table the mother will not take her seat with disordered hair and soiled collar, remarking, with the air of a martyr, that it is the first time she has sat down to-day. The head of the house, if the dinner is not exactly to his mind, will not resent it as a personal affront. It really is worth while, and when philosophically considered is a matter of great importance, to lay aside as far as possible all thoughts of the hard work done before and to be done after a meal, and to allow no vexatious questions to be discussed at this time. The habit of brooding over our work and exhausting ourselves by going it all over in our minds is one to be studiously avoided. There is nothing which takes from one's energy more than this, and it is a frequent cause of insanity. Everybody knows that food digests better when eaten in agreeable company. It was something more than a pleasantry which made a friend remark that he could not have his wife and child pass the summer vacation away from him, as it gave him dyspepsia. The poor child who comes to grief at the table and is sent away from it with his dinner half eaten, and who suffers the whole afternoon with an undigested lump of food in his stomach, is to be pitied, and it is a wise plan to explain to children that in this way they will be punished for bad conduct at the table. It follows, then, that pleasant surprises in the way of preparing favorite dishes, that good taste and much painstaking in arranging all the appointments of the table and dining-room rise above a mere ministering to animal existence, and affects the fine issues of life. Good behavior and cheerfulness ought to accompany each meal as naturally and unvaryingly as bread and butter. The happy laughter which distributes nervous force, and calls the blood from the brain, allowing the stomach to get its share, should be heard more frequently at our tables. No one should feel at liberty to say one word which is not at least kind and thoughtful any more than he would withhold a sufficient quantity of food. These facts need more consideration than they have usually received.—*Evening Post.*

LIGHT UNLEAVENED CAKES.—Mix Graham flour, either with milk or water, so soft that it will pour from the bowl. Rub smooth, with a greased swab, round patty tins and pour in the batter about an inch in thickness, and bake quickly. They are so light and sweet we like them better than gems. The same is excellent baked on pie-pans. The batter should not be more than a half inch in thickness. Another way is to make rolls from cold Graham pudding. Work into it either Graham or white flour till stiff enough to mould and roll, cut in strips, diamonds or any fancy shape, lay on baking tins and put in a hot oven. They require a little more heat in baking than the first. With good sweet butter or cream, or even milk, they seem to us better than any short cake.—*Herald of Health.*

PRETTY WINDOW gardens may be made by taking the tin boxes in which mackerel is put up; paint them green or scarlet, and put in such plants as grow well together. When watering them do not use more water than will be absorbed during the day. A few experiments will soon enable one to judge correctly in regard to the amount, and it is surprising to see how the plants will thrive in utter defiance of all the wise things that are said about drainage. The tin or zinc cases in which thread is packed will also when painted and placed in a stand make very good window gardens. Water in which the gridiron and frying-pan have been washed is an excellent fertilizer.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—Fill a two quart tin basin two-thirds its depth with pared, quartered and cored apples; add a gill of water; lay over them a piece of bread dough which has been left from the morning's baking; it should be three-quarters of an inch thick, and should cover the apples, touching the basin all around and leaving an inch between it and the top of the basin. Put it on the top of the range, cover closely with a tin pie-plate and a flat-iron, to keep it in place. When it begins to boil, push it back a little, where it will cook slowly. It requires three-quarters of an hour. Serve it, upside-down on a platter. To be eaten with sugar and cream, or a nice sauce.

MIXTURE FOR TAKING GREASE OUT OF CARPETS.—Aqua ammonia 2 ounces, soft water 1 quart, saltpetre 1 teaspoonful, shaving-soap 1 ounce finely scraped. Mix well, shake and let it stand a few hours or days before using, to dissolve the soap. When used pour on enough to cover any grease or oil that has been spilled, sponging and rubbing well and applying again if necessary; then wash off with clear cold water. It is a good mixture to have in the house for many things; is sure death to bed-bugs if put in the crevices which they inhabit; will remove paint from a board if oil was used in the paint, and will not injure the finest fabrics.

BOILED FISH.—All fresh fish or fresh meats must be put into boiling water, salt fish or salt meats into cold water. Before putting in the fish throw in about two tablespoonfuls of salt for a large fish, a little heaped, and a wine-glass of vinegar. This secures the best flavor of fish, and the vinegar does not affect the taste at all. The water must be boiling when the fish is laid in, but after that it must only simmer. Never boil fish. It is done when it begins to crack or cleave apart from under the gills, if a whole fish; if only part of a fish it will, when done, spring off a little from the backbone. Don't let it cook a minute longer after that.

WHAT IS GOOD FOR CHILDREN.—No sour apples or raw turnips or carrots; no sweeties or tarts and all that kind of abomination; no tea, to draw the sides of their tender little stomachs together; no whiskey, to kill their digestion; no gundy, or taffy, or lick—the less sugar and sweet things the better; but plenty of plain, wholesome food, parritch and milk, bread and butter, potatoes and milk, and good broth. The stomach is the kitchen and great manufactory. It is almost always the first thing to go wrong in children, and generally as much from too much being put in as from its food being of an injurious kind.

TOMATOES AND RICE.—Boil a breakfast cupful of rice, as if intended for curry, and when cooked strain it thoroughly dry and mix it well with the contents of a tin of tomatoes. The tinned tomatoes are very good for the purpose. Add a little onion chopped very fine, and a little butter; season with pepper and salt to taste. Put the rice and tomatoes in a pie dish, which must be well buttered and covered with bread crumbs, and strew a few little pieces of butter over the top, then bake in the oven until of a rich gold color. This is to be eaten hot; it is by no means an expensive luxury, and is very generally liked.

BAKED OMELET.—Put into a tin basin a heaping teaspoonful of corn starch, a boiled onion chopped fine, a good sized lump of butter and a quarter of a cup of sweet milk; boil all together until the corn starch thickens. Be careful not to burn or to let it get lumpy. Season with salt. Now break seven eggs, and beat the whites and yolks separately—the whites to a stiff froth—stir the yolks into the corn starch, adding a half a cup of milk, and when well mixed, add some chopped parsley, and the beaten whites. Pour into a well-greased dish, and bake from fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Chapped hands may in part be prevented by carefully drying the hands after washing, and when they occur may be quickly cured by rubbing the hands over with lemon juice. When the chaps have been neglected and suffered to become large, this remedy causes considerable smarting for a few moments; if, however, as soon as the skin of the hands begins to get rough, a cut lemon is rubbed over them after washing, it does not cause pain but produces a pleasant softness of the hands.

BUTTERSCOTCH.—1lb. of the coarsest brown sugar, ¼lb. fresh butter, and half a teaspoonful of vinegar to make it crisp. Put the ingredients in a lined saucepan, and let it boil gently for twenty minutes or half-an-hour, stirring it the whole time or it will burn. Then, when it is finished—you can tell if it be so by taking a little of the butterscotch and putting it into cold water, and if it is done it will be crisp—pour the butterscotch into a buttered dish and let it remain until cool.

ARROWROOT PUDDING.—Take a quart of rich milk, and in that put three and one-half teacupfuls of arrowroot; to this add two grated bitter almonds; boil until smooth, stirring constantly; take off the fire and allow to cool; when cool add the yolks and whites of four eggs, which have been beaten up thoroughly; sweeten to taste—one-quarter of a pound of sugar is sufficient; grate lemon peel, and add a little of the juice; bake for an hour, and eat cold.

JENNY'S APPLE PUDDING.—INGREDIENTS.—Three eggs, four or five large apples, three ounces of bread finely grated, three ounces of currants carefully washed and dried, about three ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a little nutmeg. Mix all well together, and if too stiff add a little milk. Put the mixture into a buttered basin and tie it over with a cloth. Boil for two hours, serve plainly, or with sweet sauce made with corn flour.

GROUND GLASS.—The frosted appearance of ground glass may be very nearly imitated by gently dabbing the glass over with a piece of glazier's putty, stuck on the ends of the fingers. When applied with a light and even touch the resemblance is considerable. Another method is to dab the glass over with thin white paint, or flour paste, by means of a brush; but this is inferior to the former.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Make a batter, not very stiff, with one quart of milk, three eggs and flour to bring it to a right consistence. Pare and core a dozen apples, and chop them to about the size of small peas, and mix them well with the batter. Fry them in lard as you would doughnuts. Sprinkle powdered sugar over them.

CHEAP SOUP.—The following is stated by "*Une Francaise*" to be the cheapest soup made by her countrymen. For ten pints cut four large onions into small pieces, brown them in two tablespoonfuls of melted beef or mutton suet, add five spoonfuls of flour, and pour upon the ingredients warm water.

BEETS BAKED until quite tender, and eaten hot, with butter and salt, are very nice—much sweeter and better than when boiled.

FRIENDLESS BOB.

(From Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER III. *(Continued.)*

In a little while Bob became quite used to new life, and he found it by no means *all* pleasure. True, it was a vast improvement upon the old dreary routine; he had his friend Jerry always with him; he was free from his grandmother's incessant fault-finding; he saw much that was new and interesting, and got better earnings, besides the almost daily pleasure of taking little Miss Ethel for a ride, either alone or accompanied by her father; but even children find that troubles accompany us everywhere. In the first place, the other donkey-boys took rather a dislike to Bob, perhaps from his having been held up as a pattern, and at first lost no opportunity of sneering at him, and even proceeded one day to attack Jerry, and then ensued a fight in which Bob was worsted, and got a black eye which disfigured him for some days. Of course Ethel wanted to know all about it, and asked her papa if the boy that struck Jerry could not be put in prison, and Colonel Fortescue, who proved a good friend to Bob, kept an eye on the boys afterward. He was a wealthy and influential man, and a few words from him went a long way. And by degrees the lads became more friendly, and some of them began even to try if *they* could not make *their* donkeys fond of them, as Jerry was of Bob. They saw that many of the visitors evidently preferred a kind boy, and that Jerry's pretty playful ways and well-kept appearance excited admiration, especially among the children.

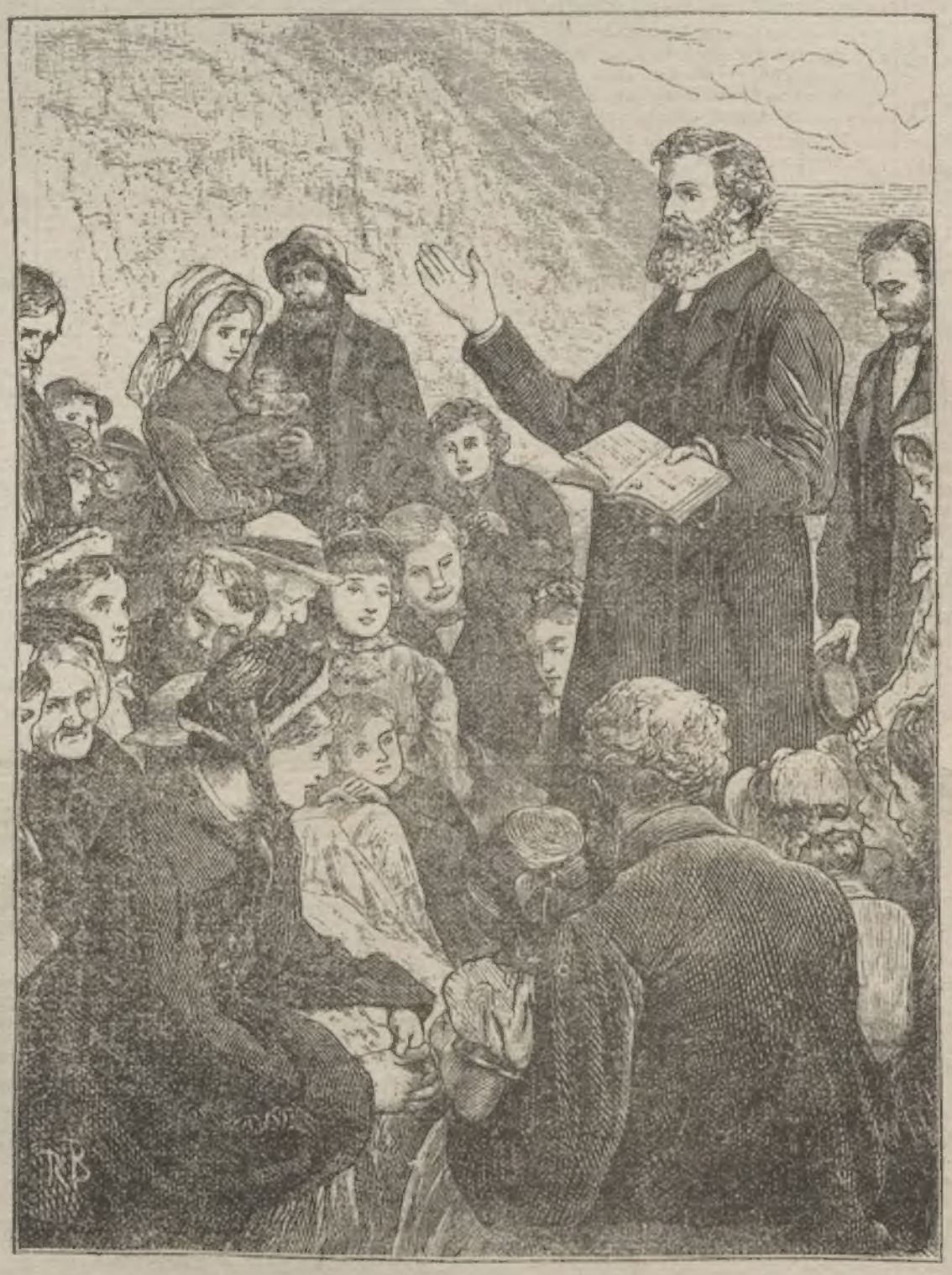
But Bob's chief trial, and one which weighed upon him day and night, was old Mrs. Brown's threat of selling Jerry, and the knowledge that she had the power at any moment of carrying out the threat. In case he should forget it she often mentioned it casually when they met, which she made a point of their doing pretty often, for she said, "Nothin' good could come of a boy's neglecting one who brought him up, and was more than a mother to him." For this same reason she extracted all she could get from his wages, though he now really supported himself and was no burden to her. But there were the years that were gone, she reminded him, and she was getting past work, and then she would say, "How's Jerry?—looking handsome, I hope, in case I have to part with him; but I hope I shan't just yet."

Bob had not told his new friend, Miss Ethel, this trouble: in the first place, it was too bad to be talked about; and in the second, it would distress her, and he could not bear the idea of making the tender-hearted little lady unhappy. Moreover, another trouble was depressing poor Bob, and this was the prospect of the Fortescues' departure. Ethel had confided to him that papa would be wanted at home soon, and that she must not stay alone, and that mamma, who was *very good*, was an invalid, which meant lying on the sofa and people having to be very quiet. Papa had brought her to the sea-side because she looked pale, and he was afraid she would get ill like poor mamma. They had a beautiful house and garden and plenty of pets, a stable full of horses, and a dear little pony named "Charlie," but not a bit nicer than Jerry She rode out with papa, or else with old Grimwood, the coachman, who was very kind, but she should miss Bob very much, and would make her papa bring her again next summer; and Bob was to be sure to be there, and did Bob think Jerry would remember her? So she chattered, while poor Bob thought, with a pang, that perhaps long before next summer Jerry might be sold, and he alone, or perhaps dead; for he sometimes had a feeling that he could not live without Jerry, he had grown so fond of him.

The evening of the day on which Ethel had told him all this he was spending at his old home, and after a long silence—for granny was not in a communicative mood—he suddenly broke out with—

"Granny, what does a donkey cost?"

"A donkey, eh?" said the old woman, looking up, her eyes twinkling. "Who wants to buy donkeys?"



MR. ALLEN PREACHING ON THE SANDS.

"I want to know," said the boy, desperately, "if you were to sell Jerry, what you'd expect to get for him."

"Well, that's tellin's; but anyhow a pretty big sum, he's turned out such a good un—better than we shall want when your donkey-riding game is over."

"But how much?" persisted Bob.

"Well, I should say four pounds, at the least," said Mrs. Brown, eyeing the boy keenly. She guessed what was passing in his mind, and thought she would have no objection if he could get some of his rich friends to buy the donkey of her.

"He's worth four pounds if he's worth a shillen," she repeated.

As for poor Bob, his heart sank as the wild idea that had sprung into his head, that he might be able to save enough to buy Jerry, rapidly faded away Four pounds? How could he ever save a quarter of that, with his uncertain gains, his own and the donkey's keep, and the old woman's grasping demands?

That was a Saturday night, and notwithstanding his unhappy thoughts, Bob slept well after his week's work in the open air; but next morning they returned and, as he walked over the common to see after Jerry, he looked almost as miserable as when we first saw him.

"If only I could see that gentleman again!" he said to himself. "He told me to make Jerry my friend, but what was the use? If I hadn't done it I shouldn't mind his being sold. And he said God would be my friend; but he can't be, or He would make things different." So meditating, Bob reached the common where Jerry and some more donkeys were grazing, and when Jerry saw his little master he turned and trotted up to him, laying his soft head on Bob's shoulder. At this the boy's tears, which were not far off, burst forth. No one was there to see him as he stood sobbing, his face hidden against Jerry's neck, and the warm sunshine round them—no one except God, whom Bob thought was not his friend, but who was really watching over him and leading him to a better happiness than he had ever yet known. And presently there was a human spectator as well. Little Ethel Fortescue, dressed and waiting for her papa, came dancing over the sunlit common, singing to herself, when she suddenly paused, bewildered by a strange and sad sight—her friend Bob in tears!

Ethel knew that *she* had trials and was sometimes sad, for was there not her mamma's illness always to trouble her? But that curly-haired, blue-eyed Bob, whom she had seldom seen without a smile, should be *crying*, was somethimg incomprehensible.

"Oh, Bob! what *is* the matter?" she asked, after looking at him for a minute; and Bob, startled, yet a little comforted by the apparition, told her by degrees his great sorrow. Ethel pondered his story. She had never spoken to Bob on religious subjects, because, confidential as she was, she was shy on matters on which she felt deeply; but the boy's un-

happiness, the seeming hopelessness of the case, and perhaps the influence of the sweet Sunday morning broke through her reserve.

"Have you asked Jesus Christ to help you?" she asked simply.

Bob looked up at the little white-robed figure, and answered as simply—

"No, miss."

"But why not?" asked Ethel. "He has promised to help people who ask him."

"Has he, miss?"

"Yes, Bob, if they love him; and you do, don't you?"

"I don't know, miss." Bob remembered but vaguely all he had heard or read of the Son of God, and he could not but speak the truth to the beautiful little lady, who seemed to him like an angel sent to comfort him.

"Oh Bob, when He *died* for you!" exclaimed Ethel. "I see papa coming," she continued, "and we are going to hear a gentleman preach on the sand; there is always one on Sundays—won't you come too?"

Of course Bob would; he would have followed her anywhere; and while Ethel was telling her father Bob's story, he trudged at a little distance behind, after a parting caress to Jerry.

A crowd had gathered on the sands, some seated on pieces of fallen cliff or broken rock, or sun-dried seaweed, and all pressing eagerly toward the centre, where the preacher stood, Bible in hand. The sea was calm and blue, and the sound of the small murmuring waves mingled with distant bells and gave a Sabbath peacefulness to the scene. A hymn was being sung, it was "There were Ninety and Nine,' from Mr. Sankey's collection, and Bob thought he had never heard anything so beautiful. And then the text was given out, "*Ask, and ye shall receive!*" Ethel turned round to glance at Bob, but the boy had scarcely heard the text at all. He was looking eagerly at the speaker, his eyes wide open and his cheeks flushed. Was it? Yes, it surely was his never-to-be-forgotten friend—his *first* friend, that unknown gentleman on the common!

How delightful! the very thing he would have prayed for, and he hadn't prayed at all, and yet it had come to him. How good God was! And then he listened, and heard the precious Gospel message— heard of Jesus Christ, the Saviour, dying for sinners! heard of the gracious invitation to all to believe and live, and of the loving help and guidance given to those who accept the invitation. "Just what I want," muttered Bob. "Ask, and ye shall receive," continued the preacher. "Do not hold back, my friend—this Giver is rich beyond earthly riches, and generous beyond earthly givers; you cannot ask Him too much. Ask first for faith in Him, and to love Him, and then ask for whatever else you want. Tell Him whatever troubles or perplexes you; tell Him all your griefs. If any one among you has come here to-day with a heart burdened and troubled, let him come to Jesus, and he will find rest and comfort."

At this point Ethel again glanced at Bob, but his face was hidden, and tears were welling from his eyes—but not tears of sorrow only, but of hope and joy; he felt that he *did* believe, and already he was asking for all he needed.

Happy Bob! never Friendless Bob again! Human and brute friends might die and leave him, but he had a Friend now who would never leave him, not even when death itself came.

The sermon is over, and the crowd disperses; and Mr. Allen, who has run down from the Saturday to the Monday by an excursion train, is looking for Bob, whom his quick eye has singled out, and who, in truth, is one of his reasons for coming. He had never forgotten the little dirty, lonely lad to whom he had given the sixpence and the few words of advice. He scarcely hoped to see him yet, but intended hunting him up in the neighboring village.

It was a very happy meeting, and Bob had soon told his good friend all his troubles past and present, all his successes, all his hopes and fears, and he found a wise and sympathizing listener.

Meanwhile important affairs were being decided during his walk along the beach with the missionary, decisions which made little Ethel Fortescue jump for joy, and hug her papa till he declared he should be strangled.

Colonel Fortescue had never intended to go home without doing something for the boy, who had interested him so much, and whom his only child had taken such a fancy to; and Ethel's account only corroborated his own guesses about him. To-morrow morning he would go to old Mrs. Brown and buy Jerry, for to separate Bob from Jerry was not to be thought of, and then he would hire Bob, and take him and Jerry home with them. Coachman Grimwood was always wanting boys, and a kind-hearted obedient boy was not often to be found. Bob should take care of Jerry and Charlie, and attend Miss Ethel in her rides and Mrs. Fortescue in her drives in the pony-carriage, and be taught a groom's duties by Grimwood. No wonder little Ethel's heart was glad! No wonder Bob's blue eyes beamed with happiness when he came back from his walk, and was pounced upon by "Miss Ethel," who was watching for him to impart the grand news!

Next morning it was all settled. Old Mrs. Brown acknowledged to the "great gentleman" that poor Bob, who was an orphan, was no real relative of her own. Who he was, and how she came to have the charge of him, she couldn't clearly explain, but it is to be supposed he had some claim on her, and anyhow she declared volubly that she had been far more than the best of mothers to him; she was, however, satisfied and thankful when a ten-pound note was given to her in lieu of Bob and Jerry, from whom she parted most affectionately. She died not long after in the Union, the ten pounds not having been laid out to the best advantage. And what shall I say of Bob! With divine and human and brute friends around him, loving him and helping him how could he fail to live a happy and useful life; how could he do aught but wonder that he was the same boy who once was called Friendless Bob?—*Children's Friend.*

HARRY'S THREE REVOLUTIONS.

"Oh, mamma, it was splendid!" said Harry.

"What was, Harry, my son?" said his mother in response.

And Harry went on to tell his mother how much he had enjoyed the missionary meeting which he had attended with his father the previous evening. "Mamma," he continued, "I promised I would tell you all I could about it, and I know I can tell you one story that the missionary told us. It was about a colored people's meeting, and they passed three revolutions."

"Revolutions, my dear?" said his mother; "I think you mean resolutions, do you not?"

"Oh! yes, I guess that is right—three resolutions,—and the first was that all should give something; the second was that each should give as much as possible; and the third was that they should give cheerfully. One man who was rich came up to the table and threw down a small sum of money. Then the man who took the money said he could not take that, because it was not according to the second and third revo—revo—resolutions. He must not only give something, but as much as he was able, and give it cheerfully. So then the rich man took more money out of his pocket and gave it as though he meant it. That was according to all the resolutions, the gentleman at the table said, and so the money was taken.

"Well, that is a very good story, Harry," said his mother, "and whenever you give anything to God's cause, do not forget to give what you can, and above all, to give it cheerfully, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

"But, my boy, it would be well if you would remember these resolutions in other things besides giving. I would like my son to resolve, by God's help, first, to do something for others every day of his life; next, to do as much as possible in the way of service for others; and last, to endeavor to do it all cheerfully."

And Harry passed the three resolutions, and that night in his prayer he asked God to help him carry them out. God did help him, too; and Harry became a very useful boy, which he had not always been. Indeed, he had often been a source of trial to his mother, because he was so selfish and did so little to please others, or to please God. Some time after, when his mamma told a friend about Harry and his resolutions, she said she did not know but they might be called revolutions, after all, since they had worked such a happy change in the lad.—*N. Y. Observer.*

PRAYING AND GIVING.

A rich youth in Rome had suffered from a dangerous illness. On recovering his health his heart was filled with gratitude, and he exclaimed, "Oh thou all-sufficient Creator! could man recompense thee how willingly would I give thee all my possessions!" Hermes, the herdman, heard this and said to the rich youth, "All good gifts come from above; thither thou canst send nothing. Come, follow me." He took him to a hut, where was nothing but wretchedness and misery. The father lay on a bed of sickness, the mother wept, the children were destitute of clothing and crying for bread. Hermes said, "See here an altar for the sacrifice; see here the Lord's representatives." The youth assisted them bountifully, and the poor people called him an angel of God. Hermes smiled and said, "Thus turn always thy grateful countenance first to heaven and then to earth."

A SUM IN DIVISION.

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How many people are like this sum? They make a mistake at the very outset of their lives, and they never get right to the very end. Every figure in this answer is wrong. Because six times seven are not forty, but forty-two. So in our journey through life, unless we take Jesus Christ with us, every step will be wrong. See then, young readers, that you have Jesus Christ with you. Only then will you be safe.—*The Children's Messenger.*

A LAD came from Ireland to America, about two years ago, to seek his fortune. A few months since he found the Saviour, and became a happy child of God. Now he writes back to his friends, "I have found a fortune." Ah, yes; and nobody, and nothing, can rob him of it. It is above all the changes of time, beyond the power of thieves. Read Matt. 6. 19-21.

The Family Circle.

THE OLD PASTOR'S DISMISSAL.

"We need a younger man to stir the people,
And lead them to the fold,"
The Vestry said; "We ask your resignation,
Because you're growing old."

The Pastor bowed them out in silence,
And tenderly the gloom
Of twilight hid him and his bitter anguish
Within his lonely room.

Above the violet hills the sunlight's glory
Hung like a crown of gold,
And from the great church-spires the bell's sweet anthem
Adown the stillness rolled.

Assembled were the people for their worship;
But in his study-chair
The Pastor sat unheeded, while the south wind
Caressed his snow-white hair.

A smile lay on his lips. His was the secret
Of sorrow's glad surcease.
Upon his forehead shone the benediction
Of everlasting peace.

"The ways of Providence are most mysterious,"
The people gravely said,
As wondering-eyed, and scared, the people crowded
About their Pastor—dead.

"We loved him," wrote the people on the coffin,
In words of shining gold;
And 'bove the broken heart they set a statue
Of marble, white and cold.

FASHIONABLE GIFT-GIVING.

Well, what was to be done about it?

Mrs. Waters looked ruefully at the five-dollar bill reposing in solitary state in the inner compartment of her pocket-book, and pondered. In the first-place, there were the muffs for the girls. It would take the whole of the five for them alone, to say nothing of the other things. Clearly, they must be given up, and she had been promising for so long a time to get them, too. It was too bad!

Then, there was the scarf for Clara, and the fur gauntlets for herself, and Mrs. Weeks' bill, and the balance on Kitty's birthday gift, and a dozen other things, all to be paid for out of that paltry five dollars. No wonder Mrs. Waters groaned as she contemplated these impossibilities!

'Why, I could use fifty dollars this very day, and then not get half we need,' said she, despairingly, tapping her foot nervously on the fender. 'But I can't get any more from John, for he said when he gave me this bill this morning, that I must make it hold out as far as possible; he positively couldn't spare any more for a month to come; his bills were falling due, and he would be dunned to death, for he could not collect anything that was coming to him. Oh, dear! it's a dreadful thing to be so stinted,' and the little rocking-chair on which she sat rocked back and forth excitedly.

Mrs. Waters was by no means an extravagant woman and her complaints and wishes on the morning in question should not be so construed. In fact, her husband proudly declared her to be the best wife in town. She was economical and industrious, as the neatly mended garments of her children often testified, while her worn-out dresses were transformed into stylish frocks for the little ones by her own deft fingers. A wasteful woman, or one less skilled in household management, never would have been able to 'keep up' so respectably in every particular as did Mrs. Waters. Perhaps pride and ambition had something to do with it, but if so, it was certainly a pardonable pride, and an ambition not wholly unworthy, which made this mother so careless of her own ease, and so cheerfully endure many sacrifices, that the family might always, as she expressed it, 'put the best foot foremost.'

But she could not sit longer thinking over the best disposition of her finances. Time meant something in that busy household, and here it was almost ten o'clock, and the dusting to be done yet; and at any rate, thinking the matter over forever did not make the problem more clear, she argued.

'I'll pay Mrs. Weeks what I owe, and the balance due Mr. Todd, and with what is left I'll try to get the scarf, and the gloves too, if they are not too dear. I'll have Kitty go at once and pay those two little bills, and then they'll be off my mind.'

'Here, dear,' she said to her little daughter, 'put on your cloak and tippet, and go down to Mr. Todd's book-store, and give him $1.50 I owe him. He will give you the change out of this bill, and from there you can go around to Mrs. Weeks, and pay her $1.75 out of it, and bring back to me $1.75, or, stay—it is such a long walk for you to both places in the rain, you may pay Mr. Todd and then come directly home. I will send Clara to pay Mrs. Weeks, or will perhaps go myself this afternoon. Now, be careful and don't get in the mud; the walking is so bad on this side of the street, perhaps you had better go past Dr. Gross's, it's nice and dry down that way. Ah! that reminds me that I promised to send my dollar for the missionary society to Mrs. Gross early this week. It was due last month, but I couldn't possibly pay it, and it won't do to let it run on any longer. So, Kitty, you'll have to stop there and give her a dollar. I don't see that there's any other way,' and with a sigh at the remembrance of this unexpected debt, Mrs. Waters took her dusting cloth and went to work, soliloquizing: 'That ends the chance of buying Clara the scarf; but it would never have done to let that missionary money go unpaid. Mrs. Gross is president now, and they say she has made a rule that if any are in arrears she will read out their names before the whole society. I don't believe in anybody being so fierce, for my part!'

She went on vigorously with her work, and had just completed her dusting when Kitty returned with the change, and a somewhat ambiguous message of thanks from Mrs. Gross that 'she was much obliged for the dollar, as it was better late than never,' which only elicited from Mrs. Waters a dry 'ahem!'

'Well, Kitty,' she said, after a pause, 'you may run and play now. This afternoon you can go with Clara to pay Mrs. Weeks. I feel really ashamed to think how long I have kept that poor woman waiting for that trifling amount. She told me she needed it to pay on her winter's coal, and her rent would soon be due too, and she scarcely knew how she was going to get along. If we could afford to hire our sewing done, I would always employ her, for she seems so conscientious and anxious to please. I've been trying to interest some of the ladies in our set on her behalf and secure work for her.'

And just here I must reveal to the reader that this fact of being regarded as a member of this same 'set' to which she had just referred, was a source of infinite satisfaction to Mrs. Waters. It was a sort of panacea for the inconvenience of having a limited purse—a soothing balm for all life's annoyances. This coterie consisted of the wives of nearly all the well-to-do men in the village, as well as a few others of more slender means, whose geniality and general respectability, like that of our friend Mrs. Waters, gave them a footing.

Counting over the money that Kitty had placed in her hand, she was in the act of dropping it into her purse when a peal from the door-bell announced an arrival.

'Who can it be this drizzly day?' she ejaculated. 'I wonder what brings people out so early in the morning! I do hope it is no one to call on me, for I'd almost as soon see a sewing-machine man or a book agent coming, as a lady caller this time of day.'

The visitor proved to be Mrs. Judge Jones, the acknowledged leader of the ton of Millville, who, after the usual exchange of compliments, apologized for her unseasonable call. 'Of course you have heard that we are going to lose Mrs. Wilcox,' she began, 'and I told some of our ladies that it wouldn't do to let her go away without making her a present. We have been talking of a nice water-set. What do you think of it?'

Mrs. Waters was aghast. She was expected to contribute toward a silver water-pitcher, goblets, and salver! How could she confess to her fashionable friend that she had not a cent to give—that the little pitiful sum in her purse belonged to another, because she owed it to another? Fortunately for her Mrs. Jones did not wait for a reply, but rattled glibly on: 'I have headed the list with $5; Mrs. Gross and Mrs. Richards each gave me $3, and Mrs. Martin, $2; but what do you think? Mrs. Elgin would only contribute a dollar! I declare I wouldn't act as small and as mean as that for anything. I didn't dream she was so stingy, although I did hear once that she wouldn't allow her hired help to eat butter. Well,' glancing over the list which she held in her hand, 'I've done pretty well for a stormy morning. I have $14 already, and if you have $5 to give it will help matters along nicely,' and she beamed a gracious smile on Mrs. Waters.

Poor Mrs. Waters! To have turned away an importunate book agent or troublesome peddlar, with the confession that she had no money or 'couldn't afford it,' was an easy task, but to acknowledge to Mrs. Judge Jones, above all persons, that she was too poor to aid in making this present, required an amount of moral courage of which she was not capable. Confused thoughts of Clara's shabby tippet, contrasted with visions of the bright new scarf she had been promised; the new gloves she herself needed; the child's magazine to which, for weeks past, Kitty had been begging her to subscribe; the recollection of the twenty-five cents she had reluctantly furnished last week for little Ralph to give to the fund gotten up to make his Sabbath-school teacher a Christmas gift; the dime given to Clara the week before for the same purpose; the remembrance of her own remark at the time, that it was nothing but 'give, give all you had,' and the consciousness that here sat Mrs. Jones, who never had known in all her life what it was to want for money, asking as sweetly for $5 as though it were the merest trifle—all these thoughts and a host more, flitted rapidly through her brain in a jumbled-up mass as she sat gazing at her visitor.

'We are all to meet at Col. Wilcox's to present the gift the night before they leave for Florida,' pursued the lady, adjusting her deep ruffles as she spoke, 'and as we will have to get the water-set from the city we must order it as soon as I am sure of all the money, and I believe you haven't yet told me what you will give; only please, dear Mrs. Waters, don't follow Mrs. Elgin's example,' and she laughed heartily.

Mrs. Waters' hand nervously went into her dress pocket. 'She will go away and say uglier things about me than she has about Mrs. Elgin, if I refuse,' was her mental comment. 'It would look mean, too, I dare say, when I've always professed such friendship for Mrs. Wilcox—though dear knows! Mrs. Wilcox could make me a present of a fifty-dollar gift better than I can afford to give fifty cents toward getting her one.' Then mustering up a smile, she said aloud: 'I'm somewhat short of money to-day. Where there are children there are so many calls on one's purse, you know,' and she smiled as if to make her visitor fully understand that her contribution was a matter of course. 'But here are two dollars—all that I happen to have just now—if you choose to accept so small an amount!'

'Accept it? Certainly, with thanks,' responded Mrs. Jones gaily, taking the proffered silver and dropping it into her own plethoric pocket-book. 'And now I must be off.'

Mrs. Waters bowed adieu to the Judge's wife with a smile on her lips, but a feeling at her heart akin to guilt.

'What a coward I am,' she said, sinking into the nearest chair and covering her face with her hands. 'How can I ever face poor Mrs. Weeks and tell her again that she must wait?' And then, in a more energetic tone: 'It seems to me that the Millville people are running the "giving" business entirely into the ground lately. If a man moves out of town his entire circle of acquaintances feel bound forthwith to buy him a gold headed cane, with all the donors' names inscribed on it, and have a big presentation speech, and have it reported in all the newspapers; or if a school-ma'am gets married, or a Sabbath-school teacher happens to have a birthday, or a married couple celebrate a wedding anniversary, heaven and earth must be moved to raise money to get them a silver plated gimcrack of some sort! Even the children are inflicted with the mania; Clara and Kitty each must have a quarter at the end of every school term, to help buy the teacher a brass napkin ring or cheap pickle castor. And to think of Mrs. Jones asking me for five dollars! I wonder if that woman thinks I'm made of gold? I ought just to have been independent, and told her frankly that I couldn't give her anything, and let her think what she pleased; and if the facts were known, I'll warrant that, with the exception of Mrs. Richards, not one of those ladies on that list but gave her money reluctantly. I'm ashamed to tell John about it. Men have just such trials, however, as well as women, for I've heard John say a score of times that he is often forced to contribute to objects that he knows he really can not without defrauding himself or his creditors, and that he has to do it or be considered meanspirited. Dear me, if the secret history of many of the gold-watch and silver tea-set presentations that sound so imposing in the papers were written up too, I'm thinking that the background of how the money was raised would tarnish a good deal of their lustre.'

'Mother's eyes are as red as if she'd been crying,' whispered Kitty to Clara that evening at supper, while little Ralph in childish pity, feeling that something was wrong, slipped his hand caressingly into that of Mrs. Waters, and said:

'I won't make a speck of noise to-night, mamma, if your head aches.'

'Dear child!' thought she, 'headache is easier to endure than heartache.'

The night appointed for the giving of the water-set duly arrived. The residence of the Wilcoxes was surrounded, surprised and taken possession of by a laughing party of ladies and gentlemen; cake and creams were ordered from a neighboring restaurant by the gallant colonel; the presentation speech was made in his most happy style by Judge Jones and the whole affair pronounced 'a perfect success.' One person alone seemed sad and distrait. Between herself and all the gaiety and laughter, the shallow jokes and real witticisms, there came to Mrs. Waters the constantly recurring vision of a patient, pale-faced needle-woman, whose outstretched hand seemed to ask, not charity, but for that which was rightfully hers, and whose white lips seemed to say, 'You have sinned.'

—Country Gentleman.

A TRUE STORY.

James Watson had been through all his school course an attentive and successful student. Books were to him a delight, and to be well educated was his highest ambition. He felt that he was thoroughly prepared for the coming examination and expected in the early autumn to enter Harvard, where his father, the rector of the little village church, had received his education.

But alas! for the uncertainty of all earthly plans. After a sudden and short illness, this venerated father was called to his reward, and all these hopes were blighted. Now, James must seek a position in some mercantile house in the neighboring city, where he can earn his own living, as the small income of his mother is barely sufficient for her own support.

The disappointment was great, but James bore it bravely, mentally resolving that the much loved books should not be entirely laid aside. The examination had been passed with honor, and Mrs. Watson now applied to an old friend, Mr. Wallace, for help in finding the lad of seventeen some suitable occupation. She told of his fondness for books, of his diligence in study, of his great disappointment, and how bravely he had borne it, to all of which Mr. Wallace listened with interest and then requested an interview with the lad.

After a short conversation, he said, "James, I well appreciate the value of a liberal education. I feel inclined to say that I will pay your expenses through college, if you are really anxious to study."

The offer was most gratefully accepted, all expenses were paid, not only through college, but through the law school, and James Watson was, at length, established in his own little office, in one of our Eastern cities.

His kind patron had watched him through his course with the deepest interest, happy in the assurance that he was a young man of unusual ability and of fine moral character. Now, that his studies were over, he greatly desired that he might succeed in his profession.

About this time Mr. Wallace was involved in an important law-suit, one in which much property and many important interests were at stake. He trusted it in the hands of our young friend, who was successful in gaining the suit.

In after years Watson would sometimes speak of his first great effort and success, saying, "I spent days and nights studying the case in every point, reading carefully all similar cases that I could find in my books. I laid out my speech over and over again, and when the day of trial came, I knelt and prayed for wisdom and strength. It seemed to me that my whole success in life depended upon gaining that suit, and thank God, I did gain it."

The fact that a man of influence, like Mr. Wallace, had entrusted an affair of such importance to so young a man, as well as the fact that the case was admirably conducted, led to his employment by others. Business increased and he found himself in the reception of a handsome income, enabling him to return to his old friend, who in the meantime, had met with financial reverses) the full amount that had been advanced for his education.

Years passed and his name stood high above all others in his profession. He was one of those men who all seem delighted to honor. And many had reason not only to honor, but to love. He had not forgotten the trials of his youth nor the great debt of gratitude which he owed to his old friend Wallace, though that venerable man had passed from the earth. And now he had an opportunity to show his gratitude and in some measure to pay the debt.

Hearing that a grandson of Mr. Wallace had graduated from the law school, he lost no time in offering him a position in his own office. Here for a few months he studied the character and capacity of the young man, then advanced him to an equal partnership in the business.

Young Wallace was overcome by astonishment; it seemed that his employer must have lost his reason. To offer to a young clerk already receiving a generous salary such a position of influence and profit as seldom could be reached after years of patient toil; he dared not accept it.

It was then that Mr. Watson told the story of his early life, disclosing the gratitude that had moved him to many generous actions and that now he gladly welcomed the opportunity to confer a blessing upon one of the family of his patrons.

The partnership was formed and continued through many years of active and successful business.

This, with but a change of names, is a recital of facts. May it not be considered in some sense a verification of the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the water, and thou shalt find it after many days!"—*Standard.*

HOW TO SAVE TIME.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

When people say that they are doing this or that "to pass away the time," they forget that "time is the stuff life is made of."

Wasting time is the same thing as wasting life, and those who know how to economize time have learned the only possible way of lengthening their lives.

Almost every one has observed that some persons are able to accomplish a great deal, while others, who have as favorable opportunities, equal talent, and as good health as they, do very little. Now, one person has really no more time than another, only he chooses to use it differently.

When you read the lives of famous persons, you will always find that they have been great workers. The celebrated Madame Roland was not only a politician and a scholar, but a housekeeper. In her "Appeal to Posterity," she says: "Those who know how to employ themselves always find leisure moments, while those who do nothing are in want of time for everything."

Mrs. Somerville, the famous astronomer, knew how to crowd a great deal into life. Young people are apt to suppose that one who was as learned as she was must have spent all her life in hard study, and have had a very stupid time. But Mrs. Somerville learned to use her moments so carefully that she had time for many things besides mathematics. She went into very brilliant society, read and wrote much, and—let me whisper to the girls—found time to make her own dresses and attend to many domestic duties, which some people would consider unworthy the attention of a great and learned mind. What helped her most, in all these varied employments, was that she had the power of so concentrating her attention upon what she was doing, that nothing going on around her could distract her thoughts.

It is true that all cannot do this, if they try ever so hard; but many who have not formed the habit of concentrating attention cannot read to themselves or write an ordinary letter where others are talking.

Another good way of saving time is to learn to move quickly, not forgetting, however, that there is a kind of "haste" which "makes waste." Try to acquire a dexterity in doing those common things which must be done very frequently. For instance, the operation of dressing has to be gone through by all many times in the course of a year, yet some people are always dressed at the appointed time, while others, who have been busy as long as they, are sure to be behindhand, because they have a habit of dawdling.

Whatever you have to do, learn first to do it in the best way, and then to be as little while about it as is consistent with doing it properly.

Those who take care of the moments find that the hours take care of themselves.

Some people keep up a large correspondence by writing letters in their odd moments, while others are always burdened with unanswered letters, and when they do write, are sure to take time which makes it necessary for them to neglect some more important duty.

Another good rule is not to try to do too many things at a time. There is a very pretty story by Jane Taylor, called "Busy Idleness," which illustrates this. It is an account of two sisters, one of whom worked hard for two weeks to accomplish nothing but a collection of beginnings, all of very useful things, but not one complete; while the othet, without half the trouble, had really done a good deal, by not attempting more than she was able to finish.

We waste more time in waiting for ourselves than we do in waiting for others, and after we have done one thing, we are often so long in deciding what to take up next, that when we have decided, the time is gone which we ought to have given to it. But those who are always ready to pass quickly from one occupation to another, will have accomplished all they had intended, while we have been thinking what to be at. If you have some definite idea in the morning of what you mean to do during the day, whether in work or play, you will do more than you will if you simply pass from one thing to another with no plan; and you will be more likely to do things at the proper time.

Another help to save time is the habit of keeping things where they belong, so that you will not waste precious moments in looking for them. Have at least two books always in reading—one which does not require very close attention, for leisure moments, when you do not feel like doing much, and one solid one, which requires more continuous thought. I suppose this was the plan of the old lady who always sent to the library for "a sermon book, and another book."

It is surprising how much can be acquired by giving a little time each day to systematic reading. The story is often told of the young man who read through Macaulay's History of England, and was surprised at ending so soon, by a habit of reading a few pages each day, while he was waiting for his dinner. Of course the same rule applies to other things, as well as to reading.

Do not imagine, after all this, that simply because you are always doing something you are industrious. You may be worse than idle, if you are wasting not only time, but eye-sight and materials. Work must be to some purpose, to be worthy of the name. It may be better to be idle all day, than to be reading trash, or straining our eyes and nerves over some intricate and useless piece of needle-work, "red with the blood of murdered time." Many of these things are made only "to give away," because people are too indolent to think of any gift more useful or appropriate. A simple, inexpensive present, which shows that you have thought of what your friend would like best, is better than a very costly and elaborate one which is only made from a wish to get rid of an obligation, and which misuses time in the making.

Whatever you do, do it with all your might whether it is croquet, or arithmetic, or baseball, or worsted work. If a boy is thinking of his Latin lesson when he ought to be striking a ball, he will probably be thinking of the game when he ought to be saying, '*Sum, es, est*," and the result will be that he will have neither a good lesson nor a good score.

Now, perhaps, you will say that all this advice is of no use to you, because you have all the time you want now; but you must not forget that there are a great many people in the world who find it hard work to crowd into a day all that it is necessary for them to do, and they would be very glad to have you give some of your leisure to them. Unemployed time is a sure indication of neglected duty. Even the Ant, in the old nursery rhyme, says:

"I always find something or other to do,
If not for myself, for my neighbor."

When you have not enough to occupy you, look among your circle of acquaintances, and see who of them needs to have you 'lend a hand."—*St Nicholas.*

UNCOURTEOUS KINDNESS.

It is quite possible to spoil a real kindness by lack of courtesy in the doing thereof. Often have we seen a sensitive child hurt by the manner, harsh and critical, of some one who was really endeavoring to show the child a favor. A benefit may be so rudely and ungraciously bestowed that it may seem like a blow. There are excellent people, people of unquestioned integrity, of the purest principles, of lofty nature and of generous heart, who go through life as a gale goes through a forest, breaking branches and leaving traces of injury wherever they pass. Who has not seen, in the home, where all should be gentle, charming and lovable, some one, of whom the household concur in saying good things, yet who is constantly wounding others by an infelicitous manner? He or she is not selfish, not ill-tempered particularly, and certainly is truthful and well-meaning; but, notwithstanding, is so angular, so cranky, or so fitful in mood, that the kind acts each is always conferring are very little regarded. It is a great pity but it is a fact, that often some graceless scamp, with exquisite tact and fine manners, wins more love and excites more admiration than a genuinely good man, who carries his goodness and gentleness under the rough husk of brusqueness and discourtesy. They err who forget that fine gold in the ore is obscured by the dross which environs it. The polished gold in the jeweller's case captivates the eye, and, purchased, is carried home and treasured up, a possession beyond price. A leaf of bread is not the less a loaf that it is thrown in one's face, but most recipients would prefer a crust presented with a kind word to the whole loaf given as one throws a bone to a dog. The Bible tells us that pleasant words are as an honeycomb, and every day's experience confirms the truth of the proverb.—*Christian at Work.*

WHAT WAS THE CHARM?

The story is told of a famous lady who once reigned in Paris society, that she was so very homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one ever to fall in love with you." From this time, Madame de Circourt began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, the servants of the household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render a service. This good will toward everybody made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unselfish interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Her life furnishes a valuable lesson.—*The Congregationalist.*

THE INFANT'S ANSWER.

At a missionary station among the Hottentots, the question was proposed, "Do we possess anything that we have not received of God?" A little girl of five years old immediately answered, "Yes, sir, sin."

THE DESIRE for fun should not be allowed to become a mania. "Avoid excess," was the motto which established the title of its author to a place among the seven wise men of Greece, and the same thought was set in exquisite verse by the Latin poet Horace, who claims that everything should be in *medias res*, or in the golden mean. A wiser writer than either of these admonishes us to let our moderation be known unto all men. Nor are such injuctions impertinent at our summer resorts. Hundreds find themselves at the end of the season not renewed in body and spirit, but utterly jaded and worn out with the intense and purlonged gayeties, in pursuit of which they have rushed as headlong as the huntsman in the wild career of the chase. Such an expenditure of vital forces is as wicked as it is reckless. Exhausted and defrauded nature pays its victim back in various ills, for which only months of restoration to regular life and habits can afford a remedy.—*Christian at Work.*

Question Corner.—No. 23.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing, letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

265. How was the city of Jericho taken by the Israelites?
266. In whose house were the spies hid that were sent to spy out the city of Jericho?
267. How was she rewarded for concealing the spies?
268. Where did Miriam die and did she die before or after Aaron?
269. On what mountain did Aaron die, and where is it situated?
270. What wise man fell into idolatry in his old age?
271. What god of the Moabites is mentioned in the Bible?
272. What of the Ammonites?
273. What of the Philistines?
274. What idol fell before the ark of God?
275. What king was a sheep master and paid in tribute to the king of Israel a hundred thousand lambs and a hundred thousand rams?
276. What king offered his son for a burnt offering upon a wall, when he could not defeat the king of Israel?

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

1. What heavenly messenger was sent to tell Emmanuel ("God with us") on earth should dwell?
2. Who hid a hundred prophets in a cave
   From the fierce wrath of Jezebel to save?
3. Who ruled in Israel in the Judges' days,
   And left on record her glad song of praise?
4. Who was on altar bound by God's command,
   For sacrifice, by a fond father's hand?
5. Who at the midnight hour did pray and sing,
   And made his prison walls with praises ring?
6. What bleeding sacrifice performed of old,
   Of earth's Redeemer and redemption told?
7. By what Greek letter, as in all the past,
   His presence pledges long as time shall last?
8. By what meek emblem does the Saviour show
   His union with his people here below?
9. Now by what name our earth again we'll call,
   When Jesus reigns triumphant over all?
   One glorious attribute of God here see,
   In which all others blend in harmony.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 21.—David McGee, 12 ac; Ada L. Potts, 12 ac; Mary E. Coates, 11 ac; Alice Dale, 11 ac; Flora Jane Craig, 10;

To No. 20.—Edward B. Craig, 12; Maggie Sutherland, 12; William C. Wickham, 12; Herbert Davidson, 11; Arthur Hicks, 11.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 21.

241. The turning the water into wine, John ii. 11.
242. By John the Baptist of Christ, John iii. 30.
243. In Capernaum, Mark ii.
244. Levi, Mark ii. 14.
245. The Gadarenes, Mark v. 1, 17.
246. By a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, Num. ix. 15, 23.
247. Joshua, Num. xxvii. 18, 23.
248. Christ, Hebrews ii. 9, 10.
249. Apollos by Aquila and Priscilla, Acts xviii. 24, 28.
250. His great grandmother, Ruth iv. 13, 22.
251. The well of oath. It was so named by Abraham, Genesis xxi. 31, 34.
252. Deborah the prophetess, Judges iv. 5.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Pilate. 2, Laman. 3, Isaac. 4, Lot. 5, Abednego. 6, Daniel. 7-8, Eunice and Lois. 9-10, Pharaoh and Herod. 11, Isaiah. 12, Abraham.—*Philadelphia.*

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SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON X.

DEC. 5.]

THE LAST DAYS OF JACOB.

Gen. 48: 8-22.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 15, 16.

8. And Israel beheld Joseph's sons, and said, Who are these?

9. And Joseph said unto his father, They are my sons, whom God hath given me in this place. And he said, Bring them, I pray thee, unto me, and I will bless them.

10. Now the eyes of Israel were dim for age, so that he could not see. And he brought them near unto him; and he kissed them, and embraced them.

11. And Israel said unto Joseph, I had not thought to see thy face: and lo, God hath shewed me also thy seed.

12. And Joseph brought them out from between his knees, and he bowed himself with his face to the earth.

13. And Joseph took them both, Ephraim in his right hand toward Israel's left hand, and Manasseh in his left hand toward Israel's right hand, and brought them near unto him.

14. And Israel stretched out his right hand, and laid it upon Ephraim's head, who was the younger, and his left hand upon Manasseh's head, guiding his hands wittingly; for Manasseh was the first born.

15. And he blessed Joseph, and said, God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day.

16. The angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads; and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers Abraham and Isaac, and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth.

17. And when Joseph saw that his father laid his right hand upon the head of Ephraim, it displeased him: and he held up his father's hand, to remove it from Ephraim's head unto Manasseh's head.

18. And Joseph said unto his father, Not so, my father: for this is the first-born; put thy right hand upon his head.

19. And his father refused, and said, I know it, my son, I know it: he also shall become a people, and he also shall be great: but truly his younger brother shall be greater than he, and his seed shall become a multitude of nations.

20. And he blessed them that day, saying, In thee shall Israel bless, saying, God make thee as Ephraim and Manasseh: and he set Ephraim before Manasseh.

21. And Israel said unto Joseph, Behold, I die: but God shall be with you, and bring you again unto the land of your fathers.

22. Moreover I have given to thee one portion above thy brethren, which I took out of the hand of the Amorite with my sword and with my bow.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Israel said unto Joseph, Behold, I die: but God shall be with you.—Gen. 48: 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

As the day is, so is the strength.

NOTES.—MA-NAS-SEH, "forgetting," eldest son of Joseph by his Egyptian wife, and who, like his great-uncle Esau, appears to have lost his birthright, his brother Ephraim being preferred before him. His de cendants, formed, however, one of the most important of the tribes entering Canaan, though they appear to have had idolatrous tendencies, possibly from the influence of the mother of Manasseh. From this tribe sprang some noted warriors, as Machir, Jair, Nobah, Gideon, and Jephthah.—E-PHRAIM, "doubly fruitful," second son of Joseph, but was preferred before his elder brother Manasseh, in the blessing bestowed by his grandfather Jacob; his descendants became the most powerful of the northern tribes.—ANGEL, not any created angel, but no doubt "the angel" with which Jacob wrestled, and whom he called God, Gen. 32: 24-30. Luther notes that the verb "to bless," which refers to the God of his fathers, the God who had been his shepherd, and the Angel who had redeemed him, is in the singular, not in the plural, showing that these three are but one God.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE MEETING. (II.) THE BLESSING.

I. THE MEETING.—(8.) WHO ARE THESE? Jacob in partial blindness, had doubtless supposed he was alone with Joseph. (10.) EMBRACED THEM, usual mode of cordial greeting in the East. (13.) EPHRAIM TOWARD ISRAEL'S LEFT HAND, as the younger he was to receive the secondary blessing. (14.) GUIDING HIS HANDS WITTINGLY, Jacob intended to prefer the younger before the elder.

II. THE BLESSING.—(15.) FED ME, a wanderer, see Ps. 23. (16.) ANGEL, see Notes; ALL EVIL, as instances, the danger from Laban, Esau, Seehem, famine. (17.) DISPLEASED, the birthright was a right highly esteemed, and not lightly disregarded by parent or child. (19.) I KNOW IT, Jacob was doubtless under Divine guidance in bestowing these blessings. (20.) AS EPHRAIM AND AS MANASSEH, they were the strongest tribes in the northern kingdom of Israel. (22.) ONE PORTION ABOVE THY BRETHREN, Joseph had two portions in Israel—one for Ephraim and one for Manasseh.

LESSON XI.

DEC. 12.]

LAST DAYS OF JOSEPH.

Gen. 50: 14-26.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 18-21.

14. And Joseph returned into Egypt, he and his brethren, and all that went up with him to bury his father, after he had buried his father.

15. And when Joseph's brethren saw that their father was dead, they said, Joseph will peradventure hate us, and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him.

16. And they sent a messenger unto Joseph, saying, Thy father did command before he died, saying,

17. So shall ye say unto Joseph, Forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin; for they did unto thee evil: and now, we pray thee, forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father. And Joseph wept when they spake unto him.

18. And his brethren also went and fell down before his face; and they said, Behold, we be thy servants.

19. And Joseph said unto them, Fear not: for am I in the place of God?

20. But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive.

21. Now therefore fear ye not: I will nourish you, and your little ones. And he comforted them, and spake kindly unto them.

22. And Joseph dwelt in Egypt, he, and his father's house: and Joseph lived an hundred and ten years.

23. And Joseph saw Ephraim's children of the third generation: the children also of Machir the son of Manasseh were brought up upon Joseph's knees.

24. And Joseph said unto his brethren, I die: and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which he sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob.

25. And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence.

26. So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old: and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The memory of the just is blessed.—Prov. 10: 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Godliness is magnanimous, forgiving, and faithful unto the end.

NOTES.—PERADVENTURE, a clear case of guilty consciences needing no accuser. The wicked flee when no man pursueth. Again the tender-hearted brother wept when they spoke unto him. Grievously had they sinned, and bitter was their repentance. The magnanimous ruler, the forgiving brother, comforted them and spake kindly to their hearts; that is, his words reached and touched their hearts.—EMBALMED. In this chapter, we have the only instances of embalming referred to in the Old Testament. It was common in Egypt, and persons were trained to this work, as physicians and surgeons are among us. The usual process of embalming a body was to remove the brain and the intestines, wash the inside of the body with palm-wine and pounded perfumes, then fill it with pounded myrrh, cassia and other cosmetics, sew up the body and steep it in natron for seventy days. It was then swathed in bandages of linen cut into long strips and smeared with gum. Joseph's body was doubtless thus embalmed and preserved.—COFFIN, the only mention of it in the Old Testament. The coffin of Egypt was a large sarcophagus, made of wood or stone, highly ornamented, usually with scenes illustrative of the life of the person it contained; and on the top was a recumbent figure or likeness of the deceased. The coffin of Joseph was no doubt of stone.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE FEAR. (II.) THE FORGIVENESS. (III.) A GOOD OLD AGE.

I. THE FEAR.—(14.) BURIED, in the cave of Machpelah, still in Hebron, and guarded with fanatic zeal by Mohammedans, (15.) PERADVENTURE, perhaps, (see Notes). (16.) MESSENGER, they seemed to be afraid to go without sending a messenger. (17.) FORGIVE, they had probably never formally asked forgiveness before. (18.) BRETHREN ALSO WENT, having sent the messenger to prepare the way, they follow themselves, to strengthen his plea.

II. THE FORGIVENESS.—(19.) FEAR NOT, Joseph's weeping testified, better than words, to his full reconciliation; AM I IN THE PLACE OF GOD? that is, am I God, to whom vengeance belongeth? (21.) FEAR YE NOT, as I came here through God's providence for good, though you did not intend it, so I will care for you now; KINDLY UNTO THEM, literally, "to their hearts," his words affected their hearts.

III. A GOOD OLD AGE.—(23.) THE THIRD GENERATION, that is great-grandchildren. Though he did not attain to the age of his fathers, he was permitted to see his children's children, as his ancestors—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—had been. (26.) AN HUNDRED AND TEN YEARS OLD, man's life ends here with the coffin, the funeral, and the glance into the future life. "There now follows the chasm of four hundred years, until out of the rushes of the Nile there is lifted up a weeping infant in a little reed-formed ark. The age of law begins, which endures for fifteen hundred years. Then in Bethlehem-Ephratah is there born another infant, and with him begins the happy time, the day of light and quickening grace."—*Krummacher.*

CARVED FIGURE UPON THE LID OF AN EGYPTIAN SARCOPHAGUS OR COFFIN

EGYPTIAN SARCOPHAGUS OR COFFIN.—This was made either of wood or of stone. When of wood, it had a flat or circular summit, sometimes with a short, square pillar rising at each angle. The whole was richly painted, and it frequently had a door represented near one of its corners. At one end was a figure of Isis, at the other Nephthys; and the top was painted with bands or fancy devices.

The stone cases were of oblong shape, having flat, straight sides, like a box, with a carved or painted lid. Sometimes the figure of the deceased was represented upon the latter in relief, and some were in the form of a king's name. Others were made in the shape of the mummied body, whether of basalt, granite, slate or limestone, numerous specimens of which are to be seen in the British Museum (see accompanying picture). Wooden coffins were common under the Old Empire, but disappeared under the 12th and 13th Dynasties. Under the 18th to the 21st Dynasties at Memphis, granite sarcophagi were in use.—See Wilkinson's "Egypt."

THE CAMPAIGN.

Our workers have not begun the fall campaign as early as usual this year, and consequently the increase in subscriptions over last year is slight, although there is a decided increase. Perhaps this is in some measure due to the lateness of the publication of our prize list, which appeared in last number and this. By reference to the list in the present issue it will be seen that it is made up for both Canada and the United States. We have had much difficulty in making up our prize list to suit both countries, and it was only done by selecting articles that can be purchased on both sides of the line, and arranging to have those for the United States sent from New York promptly. We now have reason to believe that the United States prizes will be sent with the promptness that has characterized the delivery in Canada. Our prize workers will do well to look at the list each issue, for we expect to make additions constantly, and if there is anything not on the list any one would care to work for, by writing to us we will manage, if possible, so that he may have the opportunity.

CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM.

This picture, which we give as a premium with the WEEKLY WITNESS, is offered as a prize to every person who sends us five NEW subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER at 30 cents each. We can recommend this picture most highly. We have already sent several hundred of these pictures away, and in every case where we have received an expression of opinion the subscribers are highly delighted with them.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS $3.00 a year, post-paid.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.10 a year, post-paid.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—1 copy, 30c; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœpathic Chemists, London, Eng."—Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoon use.

PRIZES FOR 1880.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Our prize list this year not only contains many new prizes, but several old ones, which the experience of previous years shows that our workers delight to win.

30 CENTS.

Any person sending us ONE new subscription to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents, will receive A PEARL NEW TESTAMENT, bound in limp cloth.

60 CENTS.

Any person sending us TWO new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive a DIAMOND NEW TESTAMENT, bound in roan.

$1.10.

Any person sending us ONE new subscription to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, or FOUR new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive a copy of THE WORLD IN PICTURES. This is a panoramic sheet containing the following views:—

LONDON.—London from the Thames, The Tower, Westminster, Houses of Parliament, Royal Exchange, Trafalgar Square, Holborn Viaduct, British Museum.

PARIS—General View of Paris, The Madeleine, The Notre Dame Cathedral, St. Cloud; Great Cascade, Versailles; Avenue des Champs Elysées, Place de la Concorde, Arc de Triomphe.

BERLIN—Monument of Frederick the Great, The Brandenburgh Portal, The Opera House and St. Hedwig's Church, The Royal Theatre, The Town Hall, The Royal Palace, The Emperor's Palace, Palace of the Prince Royal.

VIENNA—St. Stephen's Cathedral, The Imperial Opera House, The Cursaloon in the Town Park, The Danube Canal and Aspern Bridge, The Imperial Castle, The Northern Railway Station.

ROME—St. Peter's Cathedral, The Vatican, The Colosseum, The Capitol, The Pyramid of Caius Cestius, Adrian's Castle.

DRESDEN—Augustus Bridge, The Royal Theatre, Brühl's, The Belvedère.

LEIPSIC—Market Place and Town Hall, The New Theatre, Augustus Place and Museum, Schutzen Scutzen House, N. Garten.

HAMBURG—Harbor and Sailor's Home, The Old Jungfernstieg, Alsterdamm and Lombard's Bridge, Wandrahmfleet.

SWITZERLAND—Lucerne and Mount Pilatus, The Lion of Lucerne, Vitznau, Gersau, Brunnen, Fluelen.

NEW YORK—View of East River, City Hall, Windsor Hotel, Central Park Scenery, New Post Office, Castle Garden.

Thirty Views in all.

$1.50.

For ONE new subscription to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, or FIVE new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, we will send a useful POCKET LAMP and MATCH SAFE combined. This is a handy little invention, and burns oil or fluid with a clear, steady flame, but is so small and compact and well made that it can be carried in the pocket without inconvenience and without danger of leakage.

$1.50.

For ONE new subscription to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, or FIVE new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, we will send A BYRN POCKET PHOTOSCOPE. It is a very useful magnifying glass for detecting shoddy in cloth, foreign substances in wounds, flaws in metals; for examining insects, flowers and plants, and for deciphering writing and examining grain, etc. It is mounted in leather.

$1.50.

For ONE new subscription to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, or FIVE new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, we will send a copy of CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM, a magnificent picture.

$2.20.

Any person sending us TWO new subscriptions to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10 each, or SEVEN new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive their choice of A BEAUTIFUL POCKET BIBLE with clasp and Psalms.

$2.20.

To any person sending us TWO new subscriptions to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10 each, or EIGHT new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive a copy of DRESS AND HEALTH (new and enlarged edition of 1880).

$3.00.

For TWO new subscriptions to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10 each, or TEN new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, we will send a Lady's or Miss's "SILK RUBBER WATERPROOF APRON" of neat design. These are very useful articles, and will be highly prized.

$4.80.

For FOUR new subscriptions to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10 each, or SIXTEEN new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, we will send A POCKET TELESCOPE, a very valuable article to farmers and others. By it a farmer can lay a distant field at his feet.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Canvassers in working for prizes would do well to carry with them a copy of our premium picture, CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM, which is sold with the WEEKLY WITNESS at 25 cents, or $1.35 for the two.

By NEW SUBSCRIBERS is meant those who do not now take THE PARTICULAR PUBLICATION, and in whose family it is not taken. The mere change of a name does not constitute a new subscriber.

Two renewal subscriptions count as one new one.

Sample copies and all information required will be furnished on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

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